Will with a trumpet twixt our Tents and Troy,
To morrow morning call some Knight to armes,
That hath a stomack, and such a one that dare,
Maintaine I know not what, (tis trash) farewell——
Aiax. Farewell, who shall answer him.
Achil. I know not, tis put to lottry, otherwise,
He knew his man.
Aiax. O meaning you? I will go learne more of it.
Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.
Priam. After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,
Thus once againe saies *Nestor* from the Greekes:
Deliuer *Hellen*, (and all domage els,
As honour, losse of time, trauell, expence,
Wounds, friends and what els deere that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant warre)
Shalbe stroke off, *Hector* what say you to't?
Hect. Though no man lesser feares the Greekes than I
As farre as toucheth my particular: yet dread *Priam*
There is no Lady of more softer bowells,
More spungy to suck in the sence of feare:
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surely
Surely secure, but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that serches,
Too'th bottome of the worst let *Hellen* go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question
Euery tith soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath beene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours——
If we haue loste so many tenthes of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs,
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten,
What merits in that reason which denies,
The yeelding of her vp?
Troy. Fie, fie, my brother,
Way you the worth and honour of a King:
So great as our dread fathers in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with *Compters* summe,
The past proportion of his infinite:

And